in the middle of the night

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in the middle of the night

by abbymyg

Summary

Will and his brother Adam share a bed during a fishing trip.

Will wakes up in the middle of the night, hard.

Notes

Make sure you read the warnings. Enjoy!

For dead dove kinktober day 29 (a very late fill, I know): somnophilia. Also for the free space in the Hannibal Bingo.

See the end of the work for more notes

Will shouldn’t be doing this. He knows. He’s perfectly aware of it.

But he can’t help it.

Blame it on the size of the bed. Blame it on his dad for getting them a room with two instead of three to save money. Blame it on the raging hormones of a teenager, but he’s hard, painfully so, from sleeping in the same bed as his younger brother.

He must have had a wet dream about some celebrity or something. There's no way it happened just because of the closeness to his brother, right?

Adam is still deeply asleep, with his back to him. Maybe Will’s cock was right against his butt, maybe that caused some kind of friction and ended with him getting hard. Yeah, that must be it.

He looks towards his father's bed, but the man is snoring, asleep as well.

Will can't possibly go back to sleep with his erection begging for attention like this, but he can't risk getting up and going to the bathroom. It might wake his dad—or worse, wake Adam—and he doesn't want to face that conversation.

He decides that the best course of action is to jerk off right there, on the bed, next to his brother, and pray he doesn't get caught.

Will keeps his eyes fixed on his sleeping form as lowers his underwear just enough to free his cock, scared the noise of the elastic against his skin will wake Adam up. He doesn’t.

Will takes a shaky breath as it comes in contact with the cold temperature of the room. The tip is glistening with beads of precum escaping from the slit, making an almost invisible trail down his length. He swallows thickly, trying to stop himself from losing control. He has to take things slow.

He grabs the base of his cock with one hand and gives it a quick stroke from bottom to top. He massages the head with his thumb, and he bites his lower lip to suppress the moan that wants to escape him.

He doesn’t usually moan when he touches himself. In a house as small as theirs, he shares a room with his brother as well, and he’s used to jerking off in the bathroom while he showers, in silence. He’s never done it in their bedroom.

These circumstances are different. The very real possibility of getting caught makes his heart race and his breathing hasten. He’d be mortified if either his father or Adam woke up and saw him there, touching himself, and yet his cock throbs at the thought. Does that make him a pervert?

He sighs and starts to move his hand up and down slowly, stroking himself faster. The friction becomes unbearable, and he licks his palm to ease the ache. He grunts softly with pleasure and keeps moving.

Adam shifts on the bed, turning around, and Will almost falls from the bed from the scare. Adam doesn't open his eyes, though, and his breathing continues to be even. Regardless of that, Will covers his mouth with the hand he hasn't wrapped around his cock to repress any possible sounds.

Just in case, he keeps a close eye on Adam's face as he keeps moving his hand. His chest rises and falls steadily, matching the rhythm of his hand movement. Even so, the occasional twitch and groan can be heard, muffled by his hand.

He finds himself thinking of how pretty Adam's eyelashes are, how long. How peaceful he looks as he sleeps. How cute that pouty mouth is and how his pink lips are slightly parted.

And how beautiful they'll look wrapped around his cock, stretched wide open. How those big blue eyes would well with tears as Will pushed down his throat, activating his gag reflex. How his fingers would leave marks on Will's thighs, urging him to go even deeper, to fill his mouth completely.

Will gasps at the fantasy and has to bite his fist to shut himself up.

This is wrong, so, so wrong. He shouldn't be having this kind of thought for his own brother. He shouldn't feel this way.

Yet his body responds anyway.

He should take his hand away from his throbbing erection and take a cold shower. He should be drowning in guilt and begging Adam for forgiveness on his knees.

But thinking of that only makes him think of kneeling in front of him and tasting the flesh of his thighs, of exploring his entire body with his tongue. Of opening him up slowly with it to be able to hear him moan beneath him, writhing underneath his body. Of hearing Adam say his name over and over again, desperate for release, desperate for his brother to let him cum.

He bites his skin harder to avoid the moans to escape. He moves his hand faster over his length, toying with the head. He's close, so close to coming.

He shouldn't. He shouldn't do what his horny brain is telling him. No, not telling. His brain is *screaming* at him to come on Adam's face.

But Adam looks so beautiful, so deep in his sleep he wouldn't notice. Right?

Fuck.

He really shouldn't.

With one last, frantic motion of his hand, he shatters and comes, all over his hand. He tries his best not to stain the sheets, but some rebel droplets land on them, and another one right on Adam's lower lip.

Will's heart sinks and he panics.

No, this is it. Adam will wake up, realize what's going on, and hate him for the rest of his life.

But he doesn't. Instead, his tongue darts out and licks it, still asleep.

Will almost has a second orgasm at the sight.

"Fuck," he whispers to the dark as he tries to calm down.

It takes a moment to stop panting, and only when he's calmed down he looks at Adam. He's glad he didn't wake him up, and he chastises himself for even thinking of coming on him. That would have certainly woken him up, and how the hell was he going to explain that?

He sighs, relieved, and lies down next to him again. He covers himself with the sheets and closes his eyes.

Deep down, he knows this won't be the last time he does this.

End Notes

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